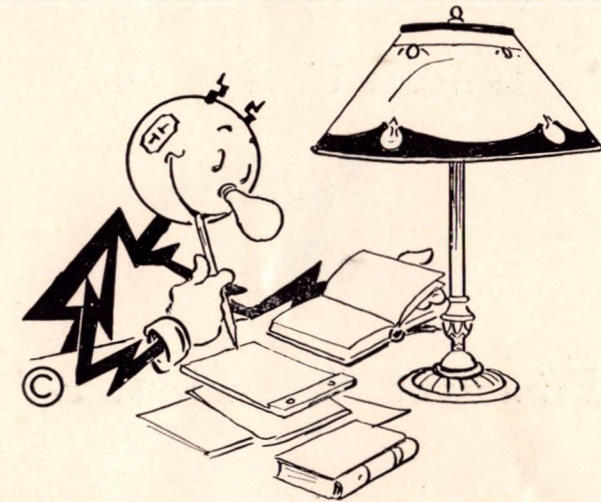


The Student's Pen

OCTOBER 1941



(Amo Amas Amat)



"Amo, amas, amat"

Don't use a Latin trot

Try better light--for better sight

You'll find it helps a lot"

Better light for home work may not put you
on the honor roll, but it will cut
down on eye strain and make
your studies easier

See the new study lamps at
your dealer's today

REDDY KILOWATT

Your Electrical Servant

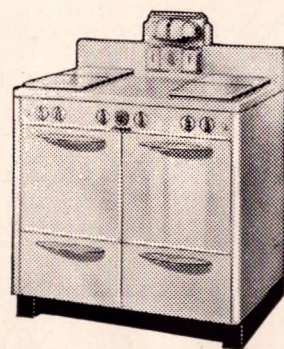
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The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

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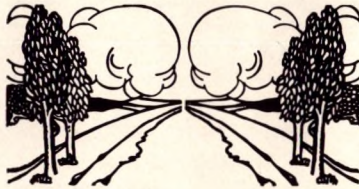
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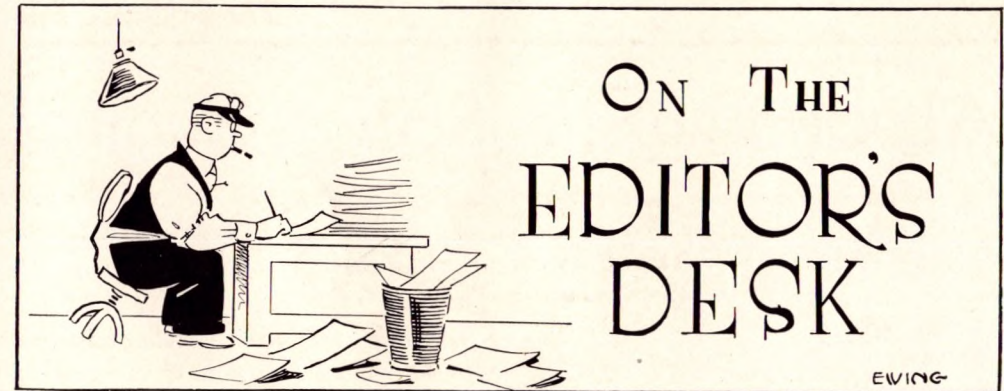
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WIND WHIRLIGIGS

By June Parker

Hear the North wind as it sweeps
 The fallen leaves in crimson heaps.
 'Mid the thunder and the lightning,
 Madly hissing, lashing, frightening
 Timid birds and dainty flowers,
 Rushing through the woodland bowers;
 Whirling, swirling, fiercely gnashing
 Sharp, bare teeth. Loud thunder crashing,
 Roaring, booming; lightning flashing,
 Weirdly lighting window-sashing.
 Tall, bare elm trees, creaking, moaning,
 Shaking barren boughs and groaning;
 Helpless in the wind's great power,
 Even stalwart oak trees cower.
 Trees like serfs obey their master,
 As King North Wind beats them faster.
 The Monarch, shrieking, races by,
 And eerie echoes fill the sky.
 Minutes pass—the storm subsides,
 From under a cloud a lone star slides.
 The thunder goes, the lightning too;
 At last the wind's rampage is through—
 A moment—and the moon's bright beams
 Break through the clouds and make it seem
 As if the storm were just a dream.



In Preparing for the Future

M. Criscitiello

WITH the advent of the Trade School, and all its new courses in vocational work, we at Pittsfield High School feel even more keenly the defense preparations now in progress throughout our nation. The air is pierced by the whine of saw blades, the very earth, shaken by the pulsations of ever-whirling machinery; we have about us an atmosphere of industry.

Such conditions cause the ordinary student to pause and ask himself, "What am I doing for the defense of my country?" He begins to wonder why he should struggle with Latin when welders and riveters are needed at the front; why he should pursue a course in English when he can hear the urgent cry for well-trained mechanics. He feels the desire to cast aside his studies and direct all his energies towards becoming an actual laborer for defense.

However, this problem invites further consideration. True, it requires a nation of overwhelming armed might to subdue the powerful enemies of democracy in these times. It will require a bitter, tiring campaign to conquer such foes as are in the world today. Planes, guns, tanks, and most important, men are badly needed for our defense. But what cometh after the war is over?

If our nation proves to be victorious, we shall find it our duty to settle world affairs in a manner which will provide for general se-

curity in the future. If, on the other hand, our power as a leading nation should be overthrown, we shall need every ounce of diplomatic strength to come away with even a half-way decent bargain. Therefore, it is easily understood that the nation with the highest degree of trained intelligence and the broadest educational background will be the one most fit to meet other contenders for a good standing in the world of tomorrow.

This lesson can be derived from the struggle in which our United States was born. At a certain period of decline in the Revolutionary War, the colonists were in dire need of more support to fight the ever-increasing tide of "Redcoats." It was in this moment of great despair that the crafty Benjamin Franklin finally persuaded King Louis XVI of France to declare an alliance with the Americans. Quick thinking and clever diplomacy saved the day.

It is in the trying times of the present that the humble student should strive to gain the most thorough education possible. The soldiers on the battlefield and the workers in the factory are the ones who are giving their utmost to save America today. However, it is the quiet, unobserved student working behind the walls of the American schools who must determine the fate of our nation when the battle is done.

Abolition of the Senior Council

ON Wednesday, September 24, the Senior Class voted thumbs down on the continuance of the class council. This move was made in spite of the fact that there had been little discussion of the matter. Such a situation warrants further consideration from every senior.

It must be realized that when properly used, a Council is extremely valuable and convenient. It puts an end to the necessity for class members to attend special meetings called for the purpose of settling every new matter that arises. Instead, each student has merely to inform his home room representative of his viewpoint. Then the representative attends the Council meeting and casts his ballot, being guided by the wishes of the majority of his home room mates.

It is true that this institution was badly misused by a large number of the council representatives last year. Many never deemed it necessary to consult their classmates on class affairs, but instead, they voted

according to their own opinions. Furthermore, the class as a whole was never informed of the business accomplished at the council meetings.

Naturally there would be objections to a Council run in that fashion. A senior would be justified in declaring himself opposed to an organization carried on in such a haphazard manner. None-the-less, if this council were run according to the intentions of its originators, it would prove itself highly beneficial to all. Instead of having a class governed by the few who find it possible and convenient to attend those "special meetings" called to settle each new problem, we should have a class run according to the wishes of the majority of its members.

The seniors are now asking for a reconsideration of the entire question. If they are given a second opportunity to settle the issue, it will be their duty to weigh the matter carefully and to vote intelligently.

The Girls Take Over

FOR the past few years, the P. H. S. band has been the only organized supporter of our team at the various football games. Faithfully it has blared out the tunes "Onward Pittsfield" and "Bingo" at game after game.

However, any passerby, not knowing that a football game was in progress, would have concluded that he was in the vicinity of a band concert! There was never much cheering from the student body to encourage the purple-clad warriors, battling on the gridiron. True, there were cheerleaders, but try as they might, they could not arouse even the faintest echo of a whole-hearted yell for the

team. We admit that our football squad has not met with much success in the past two seasons, but it was during these "dark ages" that a little encouragement would have done a world of good.

With the innovation of girl cheer-leaders, we hope to solve this problem. A bevy of snappy, personality-plus girls, combined with a newly revitalized team, ought to furnish sufficient incentive for louder and longer cheering. Yes, indeed, in the future, cheering the doughty, hard-fighting boys of P.H.S. will no longer present itself as an obligation, but as an absolute pleasure!

The Tale of the Curious Heir

By Lois Dickert '42

THE terrible stillness was beginning to get on my nerves when the shrill ring of the telephone sounded through the house. It was Lynn Carsley.

"I think I've got us another mystery," she told me.

"Super!" I exclaimed because I was thinking of the fun we'd had at other times solving mysteries. "What's up?"

"You come on over and I'll tell you all about it."

I didn't need a second invitation. "I'll be over before you can draw your next breath," I said, and slammed down the receiver.

Naturally, I didn't get there quite that soon, though I did make it in good time. Within five minutes I was ringing the doorbell at Lynn's house.

"Great Scott! Did you fly?" she mocked when she opened the door.

"Yop, the minute you called I sprouted wings and flew right over."

Lynn groaned at my poor attempt at humor and then led me up to her bedroom, where we always talk about new mysteries. We flopped across the bed and made ourselves comfortable.

"Shoot!" I said. "I'm all ears."

"How true," Lynn remarked and then went on, "But let me tell you. I'll begin at the beginning—"

"Oh, don't do that," I interrupted sarcastically. "I always begin at the end."

"You would," Lynn retorted and I realized I'd let myself wide open for that one.

"But to continue," she went on, "after being so rudely interrupted. It all began this morning when Dad read the will of the late Judson Carter to his horde of relatives. Dean Carter, his nephew, is the sole heir, and of course he was happy and excited about it;

only the rest were disappointed. But, strange enough, he called Dad on the 'phone this afternoon and said he didn't want the money; he didn't want any part of it. He didn't give any reason either; just hung up before Dad could say anything. It's all so queer that Dad went over there this evening to find out about it. He ought to be back soon and I think I can get him to tell us what's up."

It was an unusual tale which Mr. Carsley had to tell us when he got home. It seems that Dean Carter had received a letter in the afternoon, signed merely—"A friend". It stated that the late Judson Carter had run an illegal business and that, although aware of this fact, the writer of the letter had never been able to pin anything on Carter for lack of evidence.

"But that can't be true," Mr. Carsley protested. "In all my associations with that firm I've never known them to have a dishonest business dealing on their records."

"Well now, that's fine," Lynn said sarcastically. "That mixes things up just beautifully."

I shrugged. "So now what—?"

"We'll just have to find out who wrote that letter," Lynn replied. "At least he's one of a limited number—he had to be one of the relatives at the hearing of the will because the thing hasn't been brought to the attention of the public yet. There's a motive, too. The fellow thinks he should get some of the money; so, knowing of Dean's high ideals, he writes the phoney letter." Lynn shrugged. "Simple, no?"

"No!" I told her.

Dean Carter and I were dinner guests at Carsley's the following evening. Dean, because Mr. Carsley wanted to get at the bottom of the matter, and I, because Lynn

knew I was interested in the affair, and also because she's heard that Dean was young and handsome and very charming.

He was. He was all of that—perhaps more. He was lots of fun at dinner—always ready with a witty, clever answer. No, Dean Carter wasn't at all disappointing.

We were in the living room after dinner when Mr. Carsley spoke of the will and letter. He told Dean of his conviction that the letter was faked and designed to take his inheritance from him.

"It's hard to believe, sir," Dean said, "but I see how it is. I can't see, though, how we're going to find out who wrote that letter."

"I'm sorry to say it," Lynn told him, "but I'm afraid it has to be one of your relatives—one of those who was there when the will was read."

He nodded. "You're right."

"Who was there?" I asked him.

He enumerated them for us.

"Well, first there was my Aunt Sally and her husband Jeff. They always remind me of Jack Spratt and his wife. Aunt Sally's plump and jolly—lots of fun, while Uncle Jeff is terribly thin and serious. His face would crack if he attempted to smile. Then there was Uncle Robert, an English professor at a small college. Kinda queer. Uncle Walt, a widower, came too with his seven kids. He's wonderful. Always laughing and making you feel good."

He paused here and his mouth set in a grim line and the expression in his eyes hardened before he went on.

"Of course, Danny was there," he said and his voice was contemptuous. "Danny with his super ego and indifferent manner. Forgive me for saying it, but I almost loathe the fellow. Whenever he's around there's a strained feeling among all of us for fear he's going to say something that will spoil things for somebody and make it unpleasant all around. It's his love for himself and his desire to be in the limelight that makes him do

it. He doesn't care how he does it as long as he can draw attention to himself."

An awkward silence followed Dean's remarks.

Lynn spoke first.

"If you happen to have the letter with you, may I please see it?" she asked.

"Certainly." He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a gray envelope. "Here," he said, and handed it to her.

"The trouble is," she said, "that it's type-written on plain, ordinary paper so that you can't tell by handwriting or anything like that who sent it." And then she began to read it aloud.

"Dear Dean,

After very carefully weighing the matter, I at last decided that it would be best to let you know that your late uncle, Judson Carter, was head of a dishonest business firm. Since you are his sole heir, I am sure you will be interested, if not pleased, to hear this. I have it on good authority—"

But Lynn didn't get any farther because Dean had jumped to his feet and was exclaiming:

"Great Scott, Lynn! When you were reading just then you sounded just like my Uncle Robert! He'd say things like that. It's the kind of letter he'd write. Lynn, Lynn, he wrote it! I'm sure of it!"

I'll have to admit it—we scared Mr. Robert Hadley into confessing his crime through Mr. Carsley, a lawyer. But it worked so well . . .

When we told Dean the good news about the confession, he said, "Say, that's wonderful. I guess that makes me rich and puts me in a position to offer rewards."

But we politely refused because it's our policy not to accept rewards when we do things like that.

When we were alone again after Dean had left, Lynn turned to me and said fiercely, "Some day I'm going to ruin that blasted policy of ours!"

I laughed.

To the Downtrodden or Those As Yet Unknown

By Mary Lynch, P. G.

EVERY year someone writes an epistle on the humor and escapades of the new sophomores. But I choose to be different, and so, before I begin my lengthy and up-to-the-minute notes on the new sophomores, I am going to tell you about "when I was a sophomore." That (strange as it may seem) was not so long ago. However, I won't mention the year in kindness to my contemporaries (and me).

I was as thrilled and frightened as you were, my friends. I hope I may call you "my friends". For really, we all do take a kindly though superior interest in you. You provide the pathos and humor of the first school week. To get back to me, however, I was just as green as you and it seemed as if I got more than my share of initiation. People tried to sell me seats in the cafeteria, more people told me that for sophs there was a tax on food (I almost started saving my money again). Other people intercepted me on my wanderings through the halls and sent me hither and yon to find my classroom. If they had let me go my way, I eventually would have found my goal, but as it was, I wandered into a senior English class! I was greeted with the cold, hard stares of those mighty machines—the Seniors.

Not a single person did I know. I searched the faces eagerly (while teacher kindly but loudly directed me to my destination) and lo, from the dim recesses of the last row came a smile. That smile just about saved my life. It had warmth and humor in it, and it was smiling with me not at me. (There is a difference, you know). The moral is that one senior

in every classroom has a real honest-to-goodness-heart. That kind of heart is rather hard to find in these tumultuous times. Yet that cheerful senior probably never knew how he gallantly saved one little sophomore's day.

I had many more exciting adventures and no doubt, you've had similar ones yourself. Your life too has been a bit rough these weeks. Now, however "you are you."

Why, sometimes even the juniors and an occasional senior speak to you in study hall. Perhaps, it is only to ask for the loan of a pen, but you are honored I'm sure, or am I so sure?

Then there is that matter of the stairs—that is a problem. Look, can't you give the traffic boy a rest? Walk not in front of him nor through him. But then you probably never will learn which stairs one mounts and which, one descends.

And you do dash about so. It fairly makes my head spin. You really must learn to walk down the hall as if you hadn't a care in the world. It matters not if your last geometry example is as yet undone, or if you forgot to pursue Silas Marner's difficulties to the end of the chapter. This rushing is simply not done by the sophisticated. Do you ever see a senior rushing about? A senior thinks not of time (And too, it is the seniors who make "detention room" a success).

We truly do welcome you, however false these words may sound. If you take the advice of your upperclassmen, you will go far. The stars say so and they know. So we say, "We hope to see you shining brightly one day."

DREAMS

By Paul Perry

I heard the bell toll midnight, as I slipped into my bed,
And to the arms of Morpheus my senses quickly fled,
I drifted in ethereal worlds, full of the strangest things,
With dogs that talked and cats and other animals with wings.

O'er city, town and commonwealth, my spirit swiftly flew,
Suspended in the air, it seemed, by wires from the blue,
I saw a million different things, in just one minute's time,
And all the things that I perceived could not be put in rhyme.

Marooned upon a lonely road, a thousand miles from home,
Through trackless wastes of wilderness, on lonely sands I roam,
O'er solitary oceans, far across the deep I fly,
Above the angry waters, and the stormy wind's mad cry.

Above the crowded cities in the countries far away,
I saw the teeming millions, throughout the busy day.
Across the trackless sands again, and over countless oceans,
And—the world—it seemed a fantasy of ever changing motions.

A multitude of time and tides, on which the human race
Scratched out a bare existence, while the Maker hid His face,
To see the puny men below all bickering and fighting.
The things I saw, if they are told, blaspheme Him in the writing.

Across the angry seas, again, to my own native land,
Where stars are purer, heavens sweeter, and a sturdy band
Of pioneers in freedom live, all peaceful with each other,
Where men are really honest, and each truly loves his brother;

A land where still is laughter, where groups of people meet
To talk about and comment on their government in the street.
Alighting at my home while still the stars are in the sky,
And through the cloudless heavens I can see the moon go by.

I waken in the morning ready for a day of toil,
But none can ever take away, and none can ever soil
The visions that I saw last night, and yet, although it seems
That they were all so real, I know that they were only—dreams.

Turnabout

By Betty Bronson '43

CAROLE WOLFE thrust her spoon into the chocolate fudge marshmallow nut sundae and scooped up a mouthful of goo. The mirror behind the counter displayed a large pink and purple sign which proclaimed the delectability of the *Double Scoop's* "15-cent Super-Special of the Week", but there was a more important reason for Carole's indulgence. She was hopping mad! And something good-and-goey usually helped to cool her off.

However, today it didn't seem to work at all. The sundae was half gone and she was as mad as ever. So mad that the antics of Russell, the soda jerk, didn't even slightly amuse her. And to make matters worse she couldn't afford another soda!

Russ moved along the counter toward Carole. "Hi, there, how's things?"

"Sour," she replied, "In fact, completely curdled."

"S'matter? Ain't you dated for the Prom yet?"

Carole shrugged. "Oh, the prom's two weeks away."

"Then it must be that out-of-town guy," decided Russ.

"No, he's all right. But these local boys give me a pain. The Girls' Club is giving a Turnabout dance Friday night, and when I asked Johnnie, he said he didn't know, he'd let me know later.—Later, and today's Monday! Humph! And he didn't even give a good excuse! It sounds as if he were waiting to see who else—"

"Sounds like the way girls put boys off to me," Russ said wisely. "I think you're getting a dose of your own medicine."

Carole dropped her spoon, rushed out the door, and raced up the street to find Christie and Anne Deacon.

"Hi, gals, have you got your dates for the Turnabout?" she asked breathlessly.

"Well, Sandy said he'd have to let me know later," Christie replied.

"And Bingo said the same," Anne complained. "What's happened to them?"

"We've been framed, that's what," Carole announced. "The boys are trying to get even with us for stalling."

"Do you really think so?" asked Anne.

"Well, I think we should just go right ahead and ask someone else if they won't give us an answer," Christie decided. "That would fix 'em!"

"No!" cried Carole. "That would be admitting we're wrong. Let's turn the tables and be model dates."

"Swell!" exclaimed Annie. "We'll be perfectly peachy and give them a wonderful time. We'll pay everything—food, tickets, transportation, flowers—"

"Oh, let's be sure to call them before and find out what color suits they're going to wear so the corsages we send won't clash," laughed Carole.

"Swell! Oh, jeepers, here comes our bus, Anne," Christie warned. "S'long Carole. See you tomorrow."

"G'bye now," shouted Carole.

When Carole arrived home, she stopped at the phone to see if there were any messages for her. Seeing a note, she called number 4-29-1.

"This is Carole Wolfe. Someone left word for me to call—"

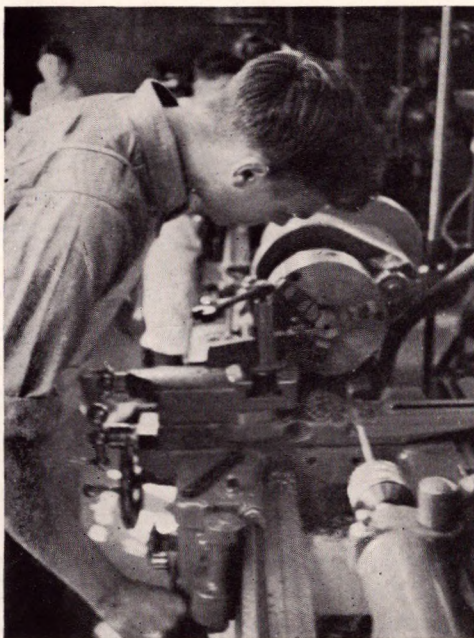
"Hiya, Carole," Johnnie said over the phone. "Remember me? I called to let you know I would really like to go to the dance."

"Well—swell!" Carole exclaimed. "What time do you want me to come by?"

(Continued on page 19)

Vocational Education

By John Barnes and Bohdan Kruck



Elen Williams, a senior student in this department is seen in the above photograph, running one of the three new South Bend lathes recently received from the factory. The young machinist has just completed the operation of drilling a circular spacer for a shaper, and looks forward to the operation of twining the outside diameter.

ENTERING Pittsfield High School while classes are in session, one becomes aware of a low, humming noise. This sound is blurred and quite confusing, but as the person draws nearer the basement floor on the east side, it grows clearer, and definite sounds may be distinguished: the beating of a hammer, the rumbling of meshing gears, the whine of grinders, the monotonous thud of shapers, and above all, the consistent, steady whirring and groaning of lathes.



Ruth Holden, a junior in the Household Arts department, is seen industriously working on a sewing machine. This very competent young lady is combining, through the use of it, a few pieces of material, which, when she has finished, will form a skirt.

Stepping down the stairs at the east entrance, one comes to the central point of the Pittsfield Vocational School. Here, before him, is the carpentry shop, alive with the high pitched, shrill whistle of circular saws, and the varying pitches of sound emitted by the jointer, planers, and wood lathes. From a small shop on the right emerges the metallic clink produced by the working of sheet metal. From the next room comes the slapping sound of printing presses, and the occa-

sional sharp click of paper shears. Farther down the hall, the whirring of sewing machines is heard, while the delightful aroma from the adjacent room betrays the presence of a cooking class. Returning down the hallway, one comes upon a room from which no sound issues. This is the drafting room. Here a highly skilled instructor teaches the art of using drawing instruments properly. Suddenly to the ears comes the shriek of tortured steel, and nearing the sound, wondering what shall be his next adventure in this wonderland of vocations, the visitor confronts the double doors of the machine shop. Entering through these, he sees a small "city of machines", run by boys of high intelligence, who are rapidly developing latent mechanical abilities.

The Machine and Household Arts courses here illustrated, are the oldest and most widely known of the many vocational courses, which lead to a high school diploma at the same time that they train students for a vocation. As well as being the oldest courses they are also the largest and fastest growing. To those in the Machine Shop course the feverish activity of national defense training is nothing new. The machine shop course has been in progress for five years, while similar courses in other high schools have only recently been established. Therefore, they are in most cases not comparable in size and equipment to the Machine Shop Course at Pittsfield High School. The Household Arts department was established ten years ago when our new high school building was opened.

When one thinks of yesteryear, when only a few privileged individuals could learn such trades through long and tedious apprenticeships, it seems a miracle that anyone can receive training on machines far surpassing those of by-gone days, and at the same time acquire a high school education. Yet today it is being done in the many vocational courses offered by Pittsfield High School.



By William Deminoff

WITH the advent of a new school year, your library opens wide its portals and invites you to visit. Mr. Newman, your librarian, will aid you in selecting any type of reading material you desire.

"Sports and Games," by Harold Keith, in collaboration with many coaches and experts, is a quite versatile book dealing with all popular sports. Excellent reading material for athletes.

Are you encountering trouble in studying? Mr. Samuel Smith has presented "Best Methods of Study" as a literary aid in the technique of proper study and absorption.

Possibly one of the finest, most-illustrative books ever published on aviation is now available at the library. John J. Flaherty, in his book "Aviation from Shop to Sky" has evolved a most informing volume on all phases of aviation. Interesting for all future mechanics and pilots.

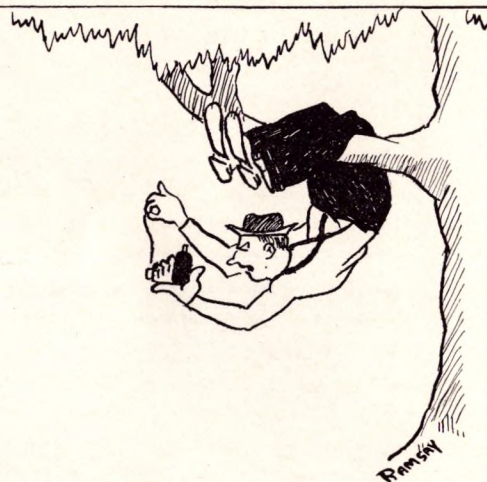
Many high school girls are considering nursing as a career. To them we recommend Miss Cecilia L. Schulz's "Your Career in Nursing," a book containing information about requirements, adaptability, and training.

All of the above books are available at the library. Any type of reference material, biography, and fiction, as well as thirty-five magazines and two daily newspapers, may be obtained at any time. Make use of your library; you are always welcome.

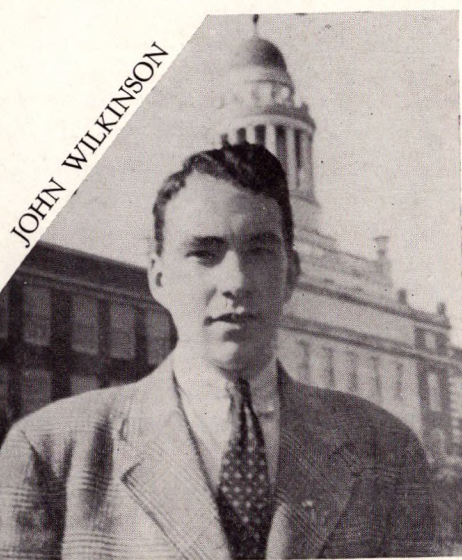
For further reading:

Approach to Music, by Lawrence Abbott
Diplomat between Wars by Hugh R. Wilson
I Married Adventure by Osa Johnson
Youth at the Wheel by John J. Flaherty
Ten-Volume Set of Works by Joseph Conrad

WHO'S WHO



Photography by Donald Radke



JOHN WILKINSON

CLASS PRESIDENT

Calling all brunettes! Here's a scoop. John Wilkinson, Senior President, likes brunettes with his steaks and ice cream. An all around sports lover, he likes football, baseball, basketball, and swimming. Boogie woogie music thrills his jitterbug heart. Perhaps that is why piano playing is his hobby. His other hobby is collecting A's in school.

"The first seems to be easier," says Jack, but—we all wish him luck in his duties as "president" (and with his A's in school).

POLITICIAN PLUS

If you must quarrel with somebody, don't pick on William Kelly, president of the Debating Club. Bill, as his schoolmates call him, is a past master in the art of diplomatically punching his opponent where it does the most good, and he has been doing this for two years for the benefit of Pittsfield High. This energetic senior, whose hobby is reading, hopes someday to be Ambassador to England. After graduation though he plans to go to Williams.



WILLIAM KELLY

PENCIL PUSHER

Modestino Criscitiello, new editor of THE PEN, has medical ambitions. Known as "Chris" to most of us, he is "Bubbie" to his intimates. Chris has nothing to say on the subject of women, but maybe that could be remedied by a good meal, girls, as he loves good food as well as good music. A prominent member of the Debating Club, our worthy editor is looking forward to a successful year on THE PEN. Let's all support him!

MODESTINO CRISCITIELLO



ISABEL SHAW

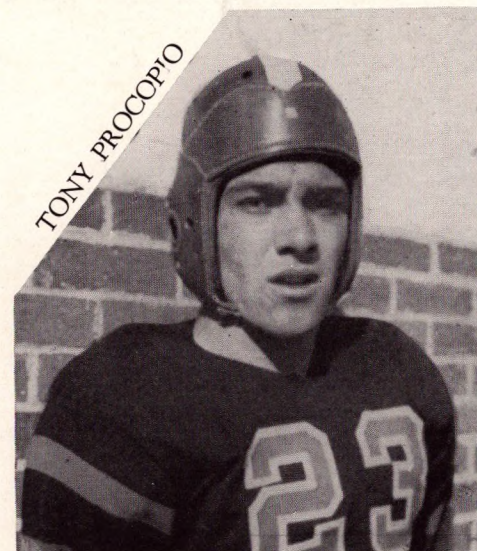
LOBSTER LOVER

This pert miss, more commonly known as "Issy", is president of the Gamma Tri-Hi-Y. She also collects class dues for Room 242, and is on the Senior Ring Committee. In case any of you fellows take her out to dine, don't omit fresh broiled lobster. Then go to a bowling alley, and Issy will bless you for life. After graduating from college, Issy would like to work in a bank. What a break for the banker's son!

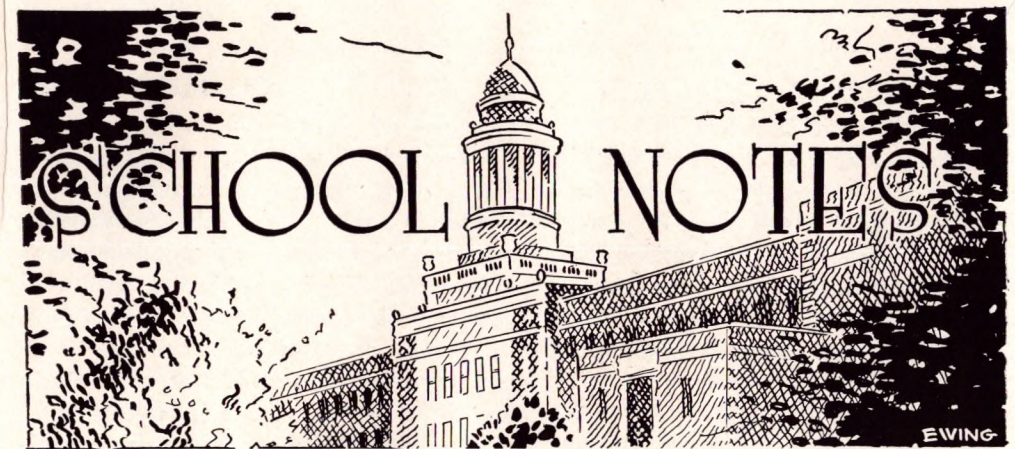
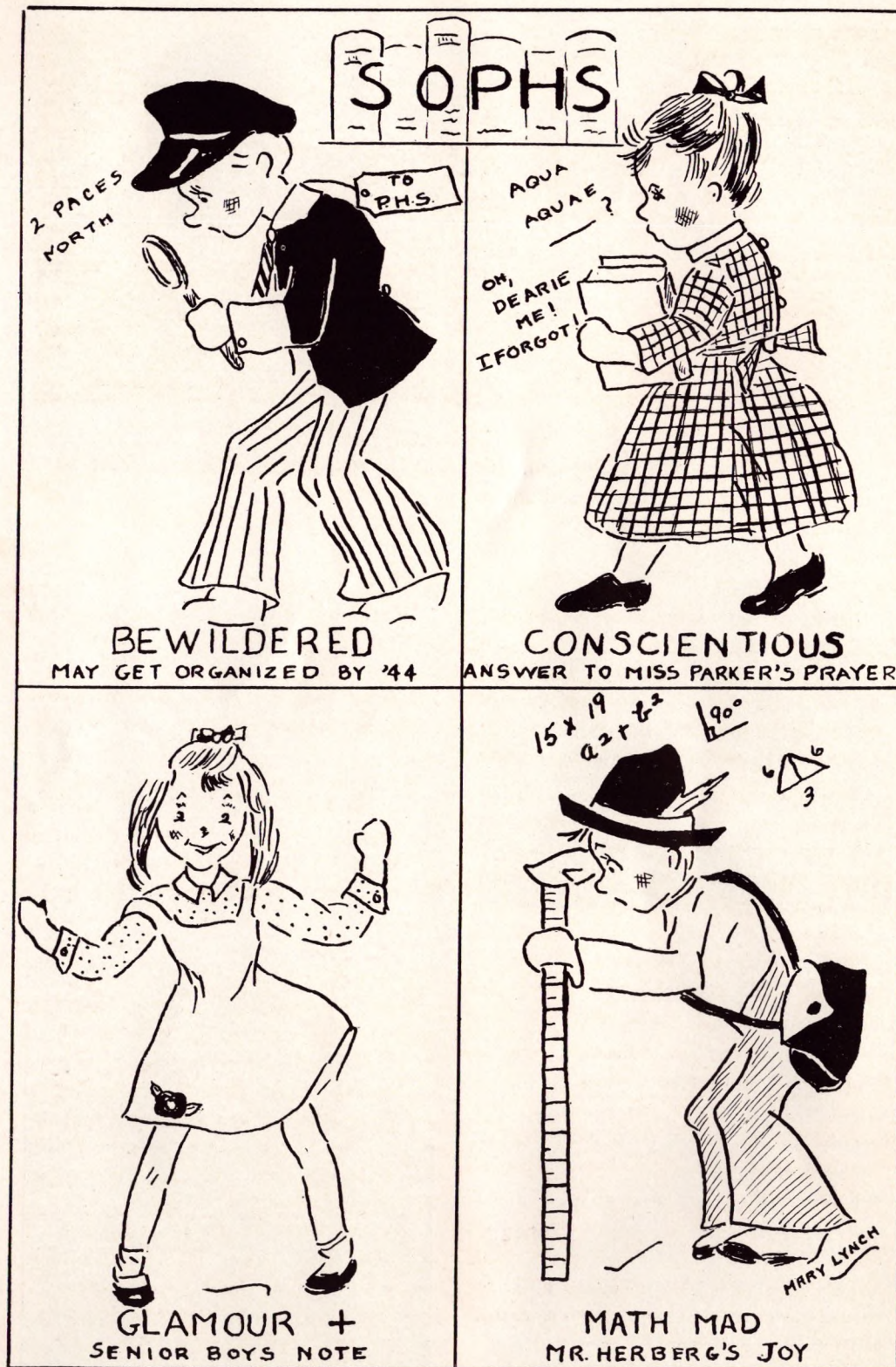
PIGSKIN TOTER-IN-CHIEF

Touchdowns and more touchdowns
Our football captain
Notable sportsman in P. H. S.
Yes, he's nice (so they say)

Prefers blondes
Regards all STUDENT'S PEN reporters as nuisances.
Obviously wishes there were no such things as interviews.
Considers being a mechanic later.
Organizes his team skillfully.
Puts up a good fight in every game.
Is partial to banana splits and steaks.
One swell sportsman and a great guy.



TONY PROCOPPIO



Editor: Gloria Cushman

Associate Editors: Lois Aspinall, Helen Heidel, Virginia Arrow, Florence Ward,
June Cushman and Jean Mattoon

SENIOR NOTES

No longer are we to follow the example of upperclassmen. We, as the senior class of P. H. S. must set that example. It all seems just too wonderful when we think that we are the upper class and that in a few short months will be out in this world on our own.

Before we glance too far into the future, let us return to the important events which have happened to us since the beginning of school. At a class meeting, John Wilkinson was elected president; Patrick Molinari, vice president, Gene Scott, secretary, and Helen Williams, treasurer. We are very confident that the business affairs will be handled efficiently by these capable officers.

The class voted to produce the operetta, "Iolanthe," under the direction of Mr. Gorman. It will not be presented until much later in the year than have the previous ones. The dates as planned at present are April 16 and 17.

The class council has been abolished because the students feel that they would rather have more class meetings at which they could nominate chairmen of committees as well as to elect them.

JUNIOR NOTES

When on September 3, we set foot inside the building, we felt overjoyed to think we were no longer considered "little ones" and that staying up nights would now become a regular habit (for homework purposes only).

At present, we haven't organized, but in the next issue of THE PEN, we'll announce our class officers, and all our plans for the coming year. Yes, inquisitive ones, the date for the Junior Prom will probably be included.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

After nine years of drudgery and hard work, our ambition has finally been realized. Even though it seems too good to be true, we are now members of P. H. S. Perhaps we did wander to the dome at the direction of the seniors, and maybe we even bought reserved seats in the cafeteria, but we're just so overjoyed about being here.

We put our noses to the grindstone the very first day because the seniors told us the first impression made on the teachers is a lasting one. They've been here longer than we have, and they should know.

NEWS FROM THE CLUBS THE RADIO GUILD

At the present time the P. H. S. Radio Guild has approximately forty members, who are now engaged in the study of pronunciation, enunciation, and the various forms of proper speech. Mr. Joyce is making arrangements for a series of programs. However, as yet little has been done in the line of actual broadcasting.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

At the first meeting of the Motion Picture Club Jess Davis was elected president; Charlotte Lipson, vice president; Janet Fontaine, recording secretary; Grace Heyn, corresponding secretary; Dorothy Pularo, treasurer; Eleanor Francoeur and Ethel Banner, librarian and assistant librarian respectively; Patricia Watson, Program Committee; Donald Morey, Reporting Committee; Corrine Discoe, Membership; and Claire Potter, the Sunshine Committee.

For the first picture the club studied "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" or "Dive Bomber", each member following his own preference.

THE LENS CLUB

At the first meeting of the Lens Club Mr. Cornelius McMahon was chosen adviser. It was voted that classes in photography would be held twice a week, and regular meetings on Monday. Officers will be elected in the near future. The club plans to have a display of autumn scenes in the library during the latter part of October.

NEWS FROM THE MUSIC ROOM

Mr. Gorman was surprised one Tuesday in early September when one hundred and seventy-five girls appeared to join the Girls Glee Club. The Boys Glee Club is not so fortunate however, boasting only forty members.

The Glee Club will supply the chorus for the operetta, "Iolanthe" which will be produced early in April.

EXCITEMENT! EXCITEMENT! EXCITEMENT!

The corridors were very noisy. It was 8:25 A. M. Everything was bright and cheerful in 206 when suddenly Miss Kaliher screamed. The reason for this outburst was a *skunk*. Bob Carpino had brought his little pet to school. Yes, and Mr. Lynch was in on it, too. He accompanied Bob to 206. (He probably wanted to see the expressions on the faces of our feminine instructors). In less than five minutes the room was crowded. Everything was just one hilarious hub bub. But "Pepper" didn't seem to like the excitement. His chief desire appeared to be to crawl under his master's coat and escape from all the tumult.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS FOR SENIOR GIRLS

A new course in retailing and merchandising is being offered to senior girls. Miss Gertrude M. Allen, a graduate of Smith College and Prince School for Retail Store Service, is the supervisor. She has interviewed all the applicants individually, and has made her selection according to the fitness of each girl for the kind of work this course will include. The girls will be required to attend school for three hours each day, and work in the stores for the same length of time. They will graduate with their class in June, receiving a certificate in merchandising and retail selling.

THEY'RE SOPHS WHEN THEY

1. Try to obtain smoking permits from Mr. Strout.
2. Swoon over a certain senior.
3. Go down the center stairs.
4. Ask for reserved seats in the cafeteria.
5. Act childish.
6. Wander to the dome.
7. Put their locks on backwards.
8. Wonder who the teacher is in 110.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

When school closed last June, the teachers, as well as the students of P. H. S. received a well earned rest. Some enjoyed the vacation in Pittsfield, while others went out of town. What we would like to know is what they enjoyed the most during the summer months. MISS NAGLE—The unscheduled pleasant surprise with each new dawn.

MR. MCGOVERN—Getting ready to come back to school.

MISS DALEY—My trip to Bar Harbor.

MISS HAYLON—The trip to Bar Harbor with Miss Daley.

MR. GEARY—The sunshine.

MISS KALIH—Sleeping until twelve o'clock noon.

MISS MUSGROVE—The good old sun.

MR. LYNCH—The rest.

MISS PREDIGER—Peace and quiet.

MISS MORRIS—A view of Lake George from "The Top of the World."

MR. HENNESSEY—Those few extra hours of sleep each morning.

MISS RHOADES—Freedom from pests.

MR. INNIS—Driving through the Green Mountains of Vermont and around the lake country in Maine and New Hampshire.

MISS MCLAUGHLIN—Ballet at Jacob's Pillow.

MISS MCNAUGHTON—A life of ease at the lake.

MISS CASEY—My tour through Vermont.

MR. STROUT—The new fishing rod.

MISS PARKER—Watching the surf along the coast of Maine.

SEEN AND HEARD AROUND THE SCHOOL

AT least three Sophs trying to get smoking permits (helpless, aren't they) . . . Mr. Ryan ordering "silence" in 212 the sixth period (did changing the seating chart accomplish your aim?) . . . Anne Burness counting the days until a certain male returns from Bates College . . . Sophomores trying

to be as dignified as the Juniors and Seniors Miss Daley covering all the new Spanish books with pretty oil-cloth (will it make them more inviting, Miss Daley?) . . . jerkins becoming a popular favorite with the girls. flashy socks and bow ties holding their own with the boys . . . everybody looking forward to Thanksgiving vacation . . . Florence Ward doing a great deal of chattering over a certain Ford . . . Gloria Cushman insisting that she knows where a better one (Ford) can be found . . . Mr. McCarthy looking better than ever after a year's vacation . . . Earl Kriger being the "typical Soph" . . . Mr. McKenna giving his opinion on a certain artist's work in 102 . . . Everybody being thrilled about having girl cheer leaders . . . Miss Nagle borrowing Eddie Smith's newspaper in study halls . . . a certain senior actually helping the Sophs on the opening day of school (can you believe it?). Everybody fire drilling twice in one week. Miss Kaliher and Mr. Geary still feuding. John Wilkinson in a daze about the first senior meeting . . . Malcolm Carsley patiently (?) being a doorman during the second fire drill . . . Lois Aspinall, Helen Heidel, and Ginny Arrow trying so hard to be cheer leaders.

TURNABOUT

(Continued from page 11)

"Oh, I'll get my car!" Johnnie said, a little surprised.

"No," she insisted. "We girls are arranging all that."

"Well, then, do you mind if I have some of the gang over for sandwiches after?"

"You mean—to your house?" Carole could hardly believe her ears.

"Of course," Johnnie answered smoothly.

"Oh, no, no, it would be—swell! I'll—I'll see you tomorrow. Bye now."

Carole hung up before Johnnie could even say goodbye. She simply had no comeback for his suggestion of an after-dance spread. The boys were after all, more than two jumps ahead of the girls at their own game.

New Faces in the Vocational Department

By Gloria Cushman

THERE have been several new appointments in the Vocational Department since last June. Many of the new instructors have given up better positions to teach in our trade school. What we should like to do is to introduce you to each one, and to tell you a little about him.

MR. JOSEPH VARANKA

This gentleman comes from Springfield, Massachusetts. He does not regret moving to Pittsfield because he likes teaching at P.H.S. very much. Mr. Varanka has worked for auto repairers in his home town, and previous to his appointment in the trade school he was doing auto repair work for the Socony Vacuum Company. He also attended Norwich College for one year. At the present time he is making his home at 45 Merriam Street with his wife and three children.

MR. JESSE HAFFLY

Mr. Haffly was born in Pennsylvania and received his industrial education in that state. He served his apprenticeship as a welder at the Pennsylvania Railroad. Twelve years ago he entered the Erie branch of the General Electric. Later he was transferred to Pittsfield. At the present time he teaches welding and the welding theory in the vocational department. Mr. Haffly resides on Plunkett Street with his wife and son, Joseph.

MR. JOSEPH MOLITOR

In case anyone is interested in automobile repairing, the person to see is Mr. Joseph Molitor. He has graduated from Fitchburg College, and has also taken a course at General Motors. He specialized in fender and body repair. Mr. Molitor is a native of

Albany, but he is kept so busy with his work and bowling that he doesn't miss the old home town.

MR. ASEL HARVEY

We now introduce you to a graduate of the General Electric Apprentice Course, Mr. Asel Harvey. Previous to his coming to P. H. S. as an instructor, he was a tool maker and designer. In the vocational department he teaches related mathematics. Mr. Harvey is a life-long resident of Pittsfield.

MR. LEWIS WILBRANT

Mr. Wilbrant began his career by taking the General Electric Apprentice Course. After his graduation he worked in various places throughout the country. At Detroit, he made tools in automobile shops, and at Burbank, California, he worked in the Lockheed Airplane Factory. At the present time, he is teaching drafting in Room 14.

MISS GERTRUDE M. ALLEN

The only new feminine addition to the Vocational Department is Miss Gertrude Allen, a graduate of Smith College and of Prince School. She has worked in several well known department stores throughout the East, Jordan Marsh and Strawbridge and Clothier being the most widely known. However, Miss Allen has given all that up, to come to P. H. S. to give the senior girls a course in merchandising and retail selling.

1st sophomore girl: "When I grow up I'm going to marry a doctor so I can be well for nothing."

2nd sophomore girl: "When I grow up I'm going to marry a minister so I can be good for nothing."



June Ravage, Lois Organ, Nancy Organ, Marion May, Florence Chaperon
Marjorie White, Jean Mattoon, Katherine McClelland

"THE bigger the better" seems to be the motto for fashion-minded girls these days,—from their comfy looking moccasin shoes to the huge pocketbooks that they tuck under their arms along with some good-sized books. Sweaters and skirts are following this trend, with the sweater shoulders often coming one third of the way down the arms of some of our over-anxious-to-be-right fashion plates.

Oh yes! Now, for that indispensable, the dickey. Dickies come in all shades and are suitable under a sweater or jacket, and they're very comfortable, too. Even your worst rival for handsome Bill Smith will admire it. And they're reasonably priced, so don't forget—you have a date with a dickey!

Skirts have as many pleats as your heart and purse see fit to buy. Some skirts have pleats all around, while some have just the single kick pleat fore and aft to give that casual masculine touch.

Speaking of casualness, this year's fall and winter styles fairly ooze it. Proof of this are the aforementioned moccasins and sweaters and skirts, along with the marvelous camel hair jackets. By the way, these jackets can be worn with practically anything and everything, and we have snatched them right off the racks of the men's clothing stores before Dad and Brother's astonished eyes.

Another very handy little item that we have managed to take away from Brother and the boy friend is the finger-tip length gabar-

dine coat that can be used for anything from soup in the cafeteria to nuts at the nearest candy store. A nice feature about these coats is that they not only come in beige (the favorite) but also in our beloved pastels. Thanks, fellows, for these two all important contributions to our casual wardrobe; and thanks also, before I forget, for the snazzy Argyle sweaters and matching socks that we just adore. (We buy those in our own college and high school shops, so don't get all excited and het up).

Accessories this year can chalk up quite a bill if we let them, but a thorough search of the city's Five and Tens can often give us the desired results at a fraction of the price that we were going to pay—if we shop carefully. Pearls are longer this season in the single strand, and the new, almost waist-length ones give a little different touch that is very pleasing to the eye. (String all the old pearls that you have been saving for years for no particular reason, and presto!—you have your reason and a dandy new rope of long pearls.) From the looks of some of the cute necklaces around school, the macaroni business is due for a big boom! Macaroni is being strung in all sizes, shapes, and colors to contrast with our sweaters and skirts, which, in case I didn't mention it before, are being mixed and matched as much as ever. Bracelets in groups of three and four are also coming in colors to match our clothes. They are made out of some sort of durable plastic

material, and all depending upon where you buy them is the price that you pay. A plain gold or silver bracelet worn under an ever-so-slightly-pushed-up sweater sleeve gives the chic look that all girls are striving for.



For these blowy fall days, Brallas, otherwise known as stocking caps, and brightly colored knee socks will keep you warm. The slogan this fall is, "Be casual, but neat, and you'll be in style."

The professor asked his witty pupils to write a sentence using the words "analyze" and "anatomy".

Soon a smart young man raised his hand and recited thus:

"My analyze over the ocean,
My analyze over the sea,
Won't someone go over the ocean
And bring back my anatomy?"

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Patricia Fallon

JUNIOR SQUAD LEADERS

Squad leaders, those girls whose business it is to check attendance and give showers, have been chosen for the year.

They are Frances Tuohy, Jean Peirson, Sophie Koldys, Grace Tierney, Bertha Leidhold, Lucy Haskins, Laura Chaiffre, Mildred Dalo, Lenore Esbig, Helen Suhinski, Eleanor Madden, Eileen Bloomberg, Eleanor Eckerson, Ann Rosenthal, Elvira Gentile, Jane Tabor, Alvera Bianchi, June Ravage, Betty Sisselman, Delight Bullock, Mildred Lazette, Charlotte Scape, Katherine Zoffrea, Cornelia Harrigan, Pauline Volk, Dorothy Mychym, Dorothy Parsley, and Rachel Snyder.

ARCHERY

Arrows here, arrows there, arrows flying everywhere, as the beginner archers try their skill at being cupids. Although they are just beginning and have not had much time to practice, Anna Walok, Phyllis Goodrich, Bertha Leidhold, and Pauline Volk seem very promising.

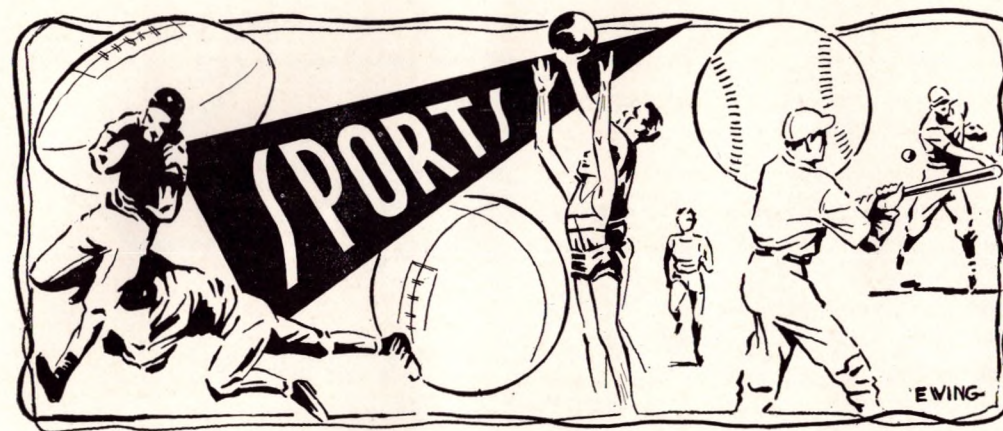
The advanced group of archers are getting under way with last year's winners, Jane Hearn and Annabelle Sooke, in there to defend their titles.

FIELD HOCKEY

Sophomore, junior, and senior hockey teams, which meet Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, respectively, have started with fewer girls than the game calls for. So girls, if you like a good energetic game, join by all means.

BADMINTON

The badminton players have begun their practising for the annual tournament. The classes are held on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday. The players have been practising the serve, and the beginners are surprised to discover what one can do with a little twist of the wrist.



PITTSFIELD HIGH KAYOES DALTON 19-0

By Tony Tagliente

Pittsfield High started its 1941 grid season by defeating Dalton High 19-0 at Deming Field, Saturday, September 20.

Toward the middle of the first quarter the Pittsfield boys scored their first touchdown by Capt. Tony Procopio's pass to halfback Francis Fields, who carried the ball the remaining thirty yards by straight-arming a couple of Dalton tacklers. Then, Procopio blasted through his right guard for the extra point.

At the beginning of the second half, with Pittsfield leading 7-0; Leo Sammon's low kick-off bounced off of Newell's body as Francis Fields recovered it at the fifty yard line. A short while later occurred the most spectacular play of the game. This was Jerry Kelly's right tackle buck, which resulted in his running fifty-one yards for the second touchdown of the contest. In a fruitless attempt to gain the extra point, Procopio threw a pass to Larry Naughton, who was downed three feet in front of the goal line. Pittsfield High tallied its third and final touchdown when Tony Procopio scooted around his left end for thirteen yards. The attempt for the extra point on this touchdown was also a failure.

However, the Pittsfield boys, as a team, played a hard-fought game and well deserved their victory.

PITTSFIELD HIGH BEATS GREEN- FIELD HIGH, 13-12

By Donald Morey

At Deming Field, September 27, Pittsfield High's football team put on a show fit for a king. They defeated a strong Greenfield eleven by a 13-12 score.

The home fans had little to cheer for on that pleasant Saturday afternoon until the fruitful last quarter. At this stage of the game victory seemed inevitable for the Greenfield boys. Then something happened to Coach Stewart's players. Playing against time and a twelve point deficit, they went out onto the field for the final ten minutes.

Pittsfield marched into Greenfield's end zone, largely as a result of the brilliant passing of Ted Mezejewski. Jerry Kelly took the ball over from the thirteen yard line for the initial Pittsfield touchdown. That made the score 12-6. With very few minutes left to play, Mezejewski began throwing passes to his mates. Not a Pittsfield rooter could be found in his seat. Everyone was standing up, cheering for a touchdown. The time seemed to fly. Then a pass from Ted Mezejewski to Captain Tony Procopio was completed for a touchdown! A terrific roar went up from the crowd! Then silence! Mezejewski with the score tied was going to try for the conversion. The center, the kick, the winning point. Pittsfield was victorious in as thrilling a contest as one would want to see.

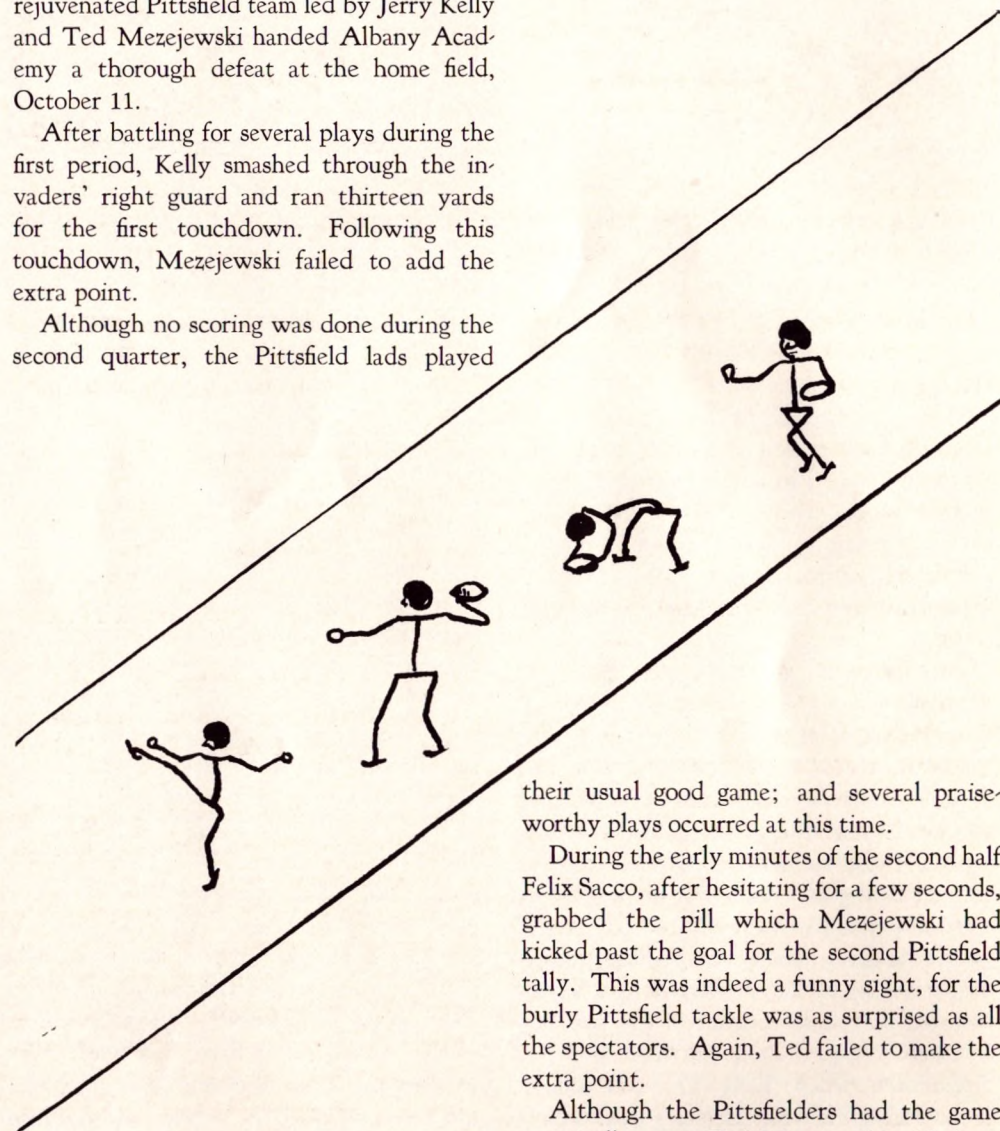
PITTSFIELD HIGH TROUNCES ALBANY ACADEMY 19-0

By Tony Tagliente

Happy days are here again! After losing to Springfield Tech the previous Saturday, a rejuvenated Pittsfield team led by Jerry Kelly and Ted Mezejewski handed Albany Academy a thorough defeat at the home field, October 11.

After battling for several plays during the first period, Kelly smashed through the invaders' right guard and ran thirteen yards for the first touchdown. Following this touchdown, Mezejewski failed to add the extra point.

Although no scoring was done during the second quarter, the Pittsfield lads played



their usual good game; and several praiseworthy plays occurred at this time.

During the early minutes of the second half Felix Sacco, after hesitating for a few seconds, grabbed the pill which Mezejewski had kicked past the goal for the second Pittsfield tally. This was indeed a funny sight, for the burly Pittsfield tackle was as surprised as all the spectators. Again, Ted failed to make the extra point.

Although the Pittsfielders had the game practically won, Ted Mezejewski added another seven points to the score. Toward the end of the game, Ted, intercepting an Albany pass, ran forty-six yards to the goal. Then, his place kick reached its mark for the point. Things are looking up for Pittsfield.



Robert Doyle, P. H. S. '41, who is studying for the degree of Bachelor of Science, is included among the three hundred freshmen registered at Providence College.

Margaret Fake '39 has been listed for the past semester as one of seventeen students to have no grade below B at the University of Vermont.

Robert Gordon '41, who has entered his freshman year at Bowdoin College, has made the swimming team and is a member of the Glee Club.

Skidmore College has as two incoming freshmen, Olga Massimiano and Marguerite Cutler.

Bruce Goewey '38 has been accepted for participation in Colgate University's Civilian Pilot Training Course. At the conclusion of the course in thirty-five hours of flying and seventy-two hours of groundwork, he will receive a private pilot's license entitling him to fly planes of sixty-five horsepower or less.

Enrolled as a freshman at Colgate University is Carl Heidel, star pitcher on last year's baseball nine.

Also at Colgate are William Eckerson '40 and James O'Hearn '39 both of whom are in the University's marching band.

Peter Quattrochi has been awarded a scholarship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology because of his outstanding scholastic record at P. H. S.

Donald Clark '41 is a member of the Wesleyan University football team, and has been elected into the Delta Upsilon Fraternity.

Leonard Volk '41 and Kenneth Weeks '40 are now midshipmen in the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

Helen Wade, former editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN, has entered Duke University.

Willis Monroe '41, who is enrolled as a freshman at Yale University, is a member of the band and glee club.

Virginia Gamwell '41 is a freshman at Colby Junior College.

William Pharmer '41 is seeking higher knowledge at Columbia University.

Alice Prendergast seems to be following in her sister's footsteps. She is enrolled at Our Lady of the Elms.

At Iowa State is Hans Uhlig '41.

Rosina Crisitiello is enrolled as a freshman at Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass.

Continuing at Worcester Polytechnic Institute as sophomores are Bruce Hainsworth and Robert Cahall.

Robert Cranston and Steve Yerazunis are sophomores at Rensselaer Tech.

Robert Cooney '41 is registered at Holy Cross College in Worcester.

Barbara Hainsworth is a freshman at Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

Gordon Hough '40 has entered his freshman year at Cornell University.

At Emerson College, in Boston, is Elizabeth Urban.

At Boston University is William Goldsmith who is enrolled as a freshman.



Miracle—

Miss Morris: "If Shakespeare were living today, he would be looked on as a remarkable man."

Witty Soph: "Yes, he'd be more than three hundred years old."

Wacky Defs—

Bacteria—bacteria is the rear of a cafeteria.

Puppy love—the beginning of a dog's life.

Gossip—gossip is that which gives someone a keen sense of rumour.

Honeymoon Salad—this salad is made up of "lettuce alone."

Almost Human—

Junior to bewildered Soph: "Didn't you ever see a sad deck of cards?"

Soph: "No—When?"

Junior: "Why, when there is no joker, of course!"

English versus History—

Miss Morse: "Give an example of period furniture."

Bright Senior: "I say an electric chair, because it ends a sentence."

Mr. Gorman: "Well, sonny, did you learn anything from my teaching you the music of Beethoven."

Jitterbug: "Yeah, he was old-fashioned."

Said the little girl: "What is the mortar board I hear mentioned so often?"

"I'll try to explain," said the teacher, "although it is a slightly complicated matter. A mortar board carried by a builder often has cement on top, and worn by a college professor often has concrete underneath."

Miss Nagle: "What was Caesar's main fault?"

Clever Junior: "He had a roamin' (Roman) nose."

Miss Kaliher: "Can anyone tell me why they use roosters on the top of a barn as weather vane instead of a hen."

Jerry Kelly: "They'd have trouble in collecting the eggs."

Mr. Conroy: "Why will water flow downhill?"

Joan Collins: "It's got a pull with gravity."

Teacher: "Johnny, tell us how many days there are in each month?"

Johnny:

Thirty days hath September

All the rest I can't remember.

The calendar hangs on the wall

So why bother with me at all.

Bob Davis (overheard in the corridor): "When I'm sad I sing; then others are sad with me."

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